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THE
NEW SYSTEM
OF
LIBELLING
ILLUSTRATED.

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THE
NEW SYSTEM
OF
LIBELLING
ILLUSTRATED,

IN A CRITICAL EXAMINATION OF
A LATE SHORT REVIEW, &c.

L O N D O N.

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New System of Libelling

ILLUSTRATED, &c.

TO assert that there should be a possible case in which the incapacity of the Advocate can be of service to his cause, may seem somewhat paradoxical. If, however, the proposition can be made out, the author of this publication, or rather the organ of this rhapsody, (the Political Review), is intitled to the highest eulogium:

When the real purpose in view is too scandalous to be avowed, or too gross to

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be supported ; when the only remaining hope is from a general vague impression to be left on the mind, and the cause will not stand the test of a fair and direct issue ; when no conclusion is to be drawn, because no ground of probable fact can be laid, or of rational principle established ; who is better qualified than him who can neither draw a conclusion, nor comprehend a principle ? When the purpose of a work is oblique and indirect, what is more requisite than the natural indistinctness and confusion of a mind sophistical with the mixture of vain and superficial learning ? The most consummate art might chance to forget itself, and the hardiest intention miss its aim. But nature cannot err.

Upon these grounds I intend, in a few observations, to illustrate the merits of the Political Review ; and I trust I shall prove, to the general satisfaction, that the

language throughout is equal to the sentiment; and that, as the uniform tenor of the one never deviates in common sense, so the elevation of the other never descends into common English.

The author announces, with a peculiar justness of metaphor, but without the least tincture of affectation, that he means "to draw a picture of the moment;" which, with extraordinary precision and emphasis, he denominates the "actual and existing moment." As far as this expression is at all intelligible, it implies a design to describe the state of the nation. Let us see how the promise is performed. We naturally expect to find some analysis of the kingdom; to be taught the relations of the component parts to each other, and of the whole to other nations: and because speculation only serves to consume some of the time allotted to practice, when

it is totally abstracted from it, we might fairly enough expect some inference of conduct to be drawn from the premises of fact. I therefore ask, what representation the author produces of the the various members of this complicated machine of government? the vigour or decay of their respective principles? their character and disposition towards their country and each other? Of all this, not one word: But passing from the grand constitutional divisions, a less solid, but, perhaps, a keener interest is excited by the *occasional parties* into which the community is cast, by the variations of habits, passions, and events. The author is, indeed, pleased to say, that he "has characterised the genius of opposition"; but, I confess, I cannot find the place. What is said of the church? of the law? The military and naval bodies were once thought an article worthy of political estimate,

mate. We look in this admired performance for some little information on this state of the revenues—the manufacturing, the landed, the monied interest—and we look in vain. As far as all the European powers are concerned, in a picture so emphatically confined “to the actual and existing moment,” we are treated with a dissertation on the King of Prussia, who exists no more, and on a commercial revolution that does not yet exist at all.

Who would honour with the name of a picture a few detached sketches of a horse, a house, a man and monkey, though the ignorant dauber had crammed them into the same canvas.

The author certainly had Mrs. Bellamy's Memoirs in his eye; and he hoped that an advertisement, blazoned with a long list of the characters of — of — of

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—, which this word contains, would insure the circulation of a libel, as well as of a romance. The book, therefore, consists of a string of characters. I will take the liberty of adding that of the book itself, that the public may judge how far my idea of it coincides with theirs.

A few general ideas concerning the most known persons, such as glut the contradictory ribaldry of a licentious press, or the desultory chat of our coffee-houses, or tea-tables, are here dignified with the name of characters. This hackneyed expedient, almost exploded in the Circulating Library, might, indeed, derive an interest from a collection of facts never heard, or of observations never made. But instead of reflecting or observing, this author seems to make it his business to be amazed. He seems to live in a perpetual effort of admiration and astonishment.

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Every thing is extraordinary, every thing is wonderful. There is abundance of censure---abundance of panegyric ; but the panegyric is peculiarized by no nice distinction, nor the censure enlivened with either novelty or acuteness. The old changes again dingle in our ears---head and heart---imagination and judgment---sentiment and language ; the inventory of the critical transferred into the political Review. A sort of vamped-up Anglo-Gallic stile, where every inverted sentence begins with a participle, and gives an awkward stiffness to that current flippancy which conveys a number of maxims, to which sometimes extreme generality secures application: This indigested mass is stuck through and through with quotations, and shreds and patches of poetry and prose, from every author and on every subject.---

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An alligator stuf, with other skins
Of shapeless fishes——

And threads of packthread, and old cakes of rose
Are thinly spread to furnish out a show.

The work has, indeed, something to distinguish it from other libels of the day. It is the vanity peculiar to that sort of abortive philosophy which just serves to set up a man, who, having been blessed with no other education, thinks proper to train himself for the state. He wholly overlooks that substantum of sound sense and enlarged knowledge, which is the only foundation of the political, as of every other science. After having skimmed off a little of the surface of history, and acquired a pert familiarity with the diplomatic jargon, he walks forth, in his own opinion, a most accomplished politician. The "Palatine Hill" and "the Palace of the Cæsars," the
retreat

retreat of Tibur of Baiæ, the Antonines and the Trajans, the Pierian Spring, and Athens and Rome—your “Lucian’s Menanders;” and both the Minervas, all the trite beauties of Bytze’s Art of Poetry, which every schoolboy has learned *not* to use, seem to such a man the highest flight of classical elegance. While Teocry and Desmarats, the Grand Frederick, and how things are “received at the Court of Versailles,” together with “the Notte of Corregio”, compleat the superstructure of modern wisdom and literature.

The work is called a Picture of the Times. But the real purposes are as obvious to the public as they can be to the author. Two objects stare us in the face, both equally desperate. A daring attempt to fully the unblemished virtues of the Prince, and impotent effort to palliate

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the convicted guilt of Mr. Hastings. Into such a work the author has thought fit to introduce the name of Majesty itself ; for what purpose we shall presently examine. And the gallant Rodney has likewise to thank him for much tender commiseration. He is rewarded for all his great actions by serving our author as a parallel for his hero. The popularity of the King, and the unpopularity of the Prince cannot appear a greater phenomenon to this author, than it is to all his readers, that any man should dream of putting these two persons in comparison. The one a Civil Governor, the other a Military Commander. One who protected our commerce, who established our empire at sea, by the brilliant and sudden issue of decisive victories. The other, who by land, and by the slow decays and silent operation of tyranny and

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pecula-

peculation, has reduced the prolific commerce of India, below the edge of bankruptcy—who has spread devastation and the worst extremes of war, through a province not yet imprinted with one hostile footstep.—The one counteracting the first step of a Parliamentary prosecution, with all the resources of hardened guilt, indefatigable intrigue, numerous connexions, and enormous wealth. The other patiently abiding the event of civil suits, and decently submitting to the ordinary jurisdictions of law; which the author of the Review has the egregious ignorance to call, “holding up his hand at the bar of his country”.

There is hardly a circumstance in which the two persons do not differ. One may indeed just conceive that the affairs of St. Eustatius should create in the partizans of Mr. H. a sympathy

towards Lord Rodney ; yet still we must distinguish between the excesses of victory, and the violations of established order ; the unlicensed pillage of subjected force, and the deliberate plunder of weakness and passive dependance. But why does the offer of an English peerage, (which, with such a beautiful simplicity, he denominates, “ a reluctant and inferior title”) seem to this author so foul an indignity. His mind seems engrossed with the recollection of some late creations. Mr. Hastings could never have brooked such an affront. His exquisite appetite of honour demands some new invention of dignity not yet soiled by the vulgar touch of English nobility. A younger branch of his family (Lord Huntingdon), is already an Earl.

This tone of mortified ambition is not the only indication that this perform-

formance issued from the immediate and interior confidence of Mr. Hastings. But an advertisement, evidently the work of his faithful myrmidon, has publickly and positively denied it. It is impossible to dispute such a respectable testimony. But in return for so much candour, Mr. Scott must allow me (what indeed his declaration implies), that the Political Review is one instance more how much injury Mr. Hastings's cause has received from the expedients adopted for his defence by his friends, or more truly speaking, by his enemies in disguise. He is somewhat unfortunate in his patrons. Mr. Hastings shews his judgment, as well as his veracity, in disclaiming the author of the Political Review. I admire the principle, but the application is too confined. It is indeed a most unpardonable officiousness in an awkward volunteer to intrude himself among such hosts of disciplined

ciplined and well-appointed troops. One cannot enough admire the uniform movement, and common consent, which inspire that vast machine, of which our reviewer aspires to be a part. He affects their port, and endeavours to fall into their ranks. Already at the word of command they are facing about; and in every line we see the effect of the Benares vote. How Mr. Pitt, infallible in every other point, declines from his meridian when he condemns Mr. Hastings! There can be traced no longer “the expansion of a superior mind, or the sound policy of an able minister.” Behold the servile prostration of Asiatick delinquency erected into a sort of independance—a tremulous hesitation between adulation and insolence. They stand uncertain on which side of the House they shall look for protection, or discharge resentment. And Mr. Hastings, like one of his own elephants,

elephants, stung with rage and disappointment, is ready to trample upon friends or foes, and discerns no difference between qualified support and total dereliction. His situation justifies it.

But this enterprizing volunteer ought not to incur Mr. Scott's indignation, because so little is done by his labors in vindication of Mr. Hastings's character,—or because detailed accusation is feebly evaded by vague panegyrick,—or that detected peculation and tyranny are made to take refuge in a daring assumption of merits which have not and cannot be proved. We are not to expect that the advocates of Mr. Hastings should defend him in any other manner than Mr. Hastings defends himself.

In repassing the ostensible objects, which are in fact so many digressions, I shall not attempt to follow the author round his
circle

circle of indeterminate discussion,—to refute argument which gives no hold to reason, or to repel facts that lead to nothing. The attempt would be vain. I shall content myself with pointing out some of the bolder flights of thought and language; independent of which, abundance of indefinable beauties are shot through the web. These cannot be reduced to any class, and are a sort of non-descripts; but they ought not to be lost—"collecting the scattered rays of an æra"—"a *mass* of *time* and *matter*, that constitute history." The author's "prominent features of political phenomena," his "adventurous events" and "reluctant titles"—his "indescribable something"—his "excellence of face"—"the *arm* of genius laying a strong *hand* on monarchy"—"seals affixed to experiments"—"things, that are not the only things of a similar nature"—"names that can only be preserved by mixing with the
radiance

radiance of Mr. Pitt, and yet can never mingle in the splendour of his renown"—“decadence of empires,” and “monarchies devastated”—these, taken together, exhibit such a specimen of happy phraseology and consistent metaphor, such a power of gracing old expressions by new combinations, and on the whole, such a model of taste and elegance, that the judicious reader may admire, if he dare not imitate.

The character of Mr. Pitt I look upon as only one of the ostensible parts of the work; and I have already given my ideas of our author's censure and his panegyrick, which are here as everywhere most happily blended. We are undoubtedly furnished with much curious matter concerning Mr. Pitt. His administration “is dependant not only on his own life, but on the lives of others.” But our sorrow at finding that blessing “so

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precarious and defective," is happily removed by this most conclusive inference,—that "its duration has no possible or even probable limits." But lest our joy from that consideration should quite overpower us, we are informed that "the vast vacuity of administration," which soon after by a fortunate metamorphosis is converted into "the fertile fields of ministerial plenty,"—though *fully* "supported by the Atlantean shoulders of Mr. Pitt," and the "defects of Cabinet *supplied* in either House by a Jenkinson and a Dundas," is yet "unable to propel the languid wheels of government." This I take to be a complete epitome; I shall not affront the readers with a comment.

In one respect the author is intitled to the praise of novelty. He objects to a minister the want of *venality*, and I believe we understand him in spite of his
expres-

expression. But I will inform this classical writer, for the sake of his next composition, that venality signifies, not the disposition to corrupt others, but to be corrupted by them. Of the want of the latter, perhaps, Mr. Hastings may have reason to complain. But if the Reviewer does indeed wish to clear the virtue of his favourite minister from the imputation of a too puritanical prudery, I will refer him to the Earl of Lonsdale, to Lord Elliot, to the honourable brokers of constitutional trusts, in one and the other House of Parliament. If he complains of a too parsimonious retention of the publick treasures, I must refer him to the manes of Mr. Atkinson, to the creditors of the Nabob of Arcot, to the faithful Robinson, and the immaculate Dundas. The author's imputations are evidently nothing more than the fond complaints of a neglected lover. He has been much

too sanguine in his expectations. Let him learn by times to moderate the fervour of his juvenile prostitution. Every patron cannot be a Hastings, nor every pamphleteer an Eden.

The author has likewise thought fit to destroy a few sheets of paper with a Dissertation on the Commercial Treaty. It exhibits a still fairer specimen of his ability. He sagaciously observes, that the Treaty is such "a gulph of political and commercial speculation," and comes to us "in such a questionable shape," that "it can only be regarded with predilection." It is "pregnant with unknown benefits and injuries," and yet its "*apparent* benefits" are so undisputable, that we are to be aware, lest these "unquestionable advantages" are extended to us—to "make us overlook manifest injuries of sacrificing higher and nobler objects."

But that this Treaty should be objected to from its resemblance to the Treaty of Utrecht, is an absurdity that excites all his dormant indignation, and kindles his exhausted eloquence. He pathetically “commiserates the people who can be made the dupes of such a wretched imposition:” The Treaty of Utrecht, according to him, was such a master stroke of policy, as to “exempt the names of Bolinbroke and Harley from being pronounced with indignation and resentment.” It is their glory to have “fabricated and obtained it.” In what then consists the saving virtue of this measure, that is able to cover, by the superabundance of its grace, “a defection from that great alliance which under Queen Anne had nearly brought Lewis the 14th to the last stage of destruction?” I answer in the author’s own words: It was because that Treaty was “a bribe
basely

basely accepted by England for the destruction of Holland and the House of Austria."

I suppose the order of his argument to be this : That because the Treaty of Utrecht was intended as a bribe, it was a *good thing*, and contained at least *commercial advantages*, and that therefore it is ridiculous *in a commercial view*, to compare this Treaty to that by way of derogation. But this limitation is wholly omitted, and therefore his proposition, which otherwise would be only false, without it is absurd. Is it that even this author's ignorance of the language could induce him to stigmatize with the name of a *bribe* the measure he defends ? I suppose that term conveys to his mind the idea of a *bonum in se*. But cannot even he comprehend, that a measure may be beneficial in one view, and fatal in another ? May he not know, that the first object of a
bribe

bribe is not the benefit of the receiver.
It is one of those boons that

“ Blesses him that gives *more* than him that takes.”

A little further effort of understanding might shew him, that the bribe of an *enemy* may not be intended as a benefit at all. Has he never heard, (if he has been so fortunate as not to feel it) that the salary of iniquity is sometimes in arrear ? And when a nation is so far deluded as to sell its honour and its allies, may not the same delusion extend even to the price of that treachery ?

The author must argue in a different manner to undeceive “ those dupes of a wretched imposition,” to make them look with predilection on the revival of a Treaty, which he tells us himself was “ the compensation for our national honour and political faith sacrificed to France.” It signifies

nifies very little whether those advantages which induce the derilection of our permanent interests, proceed that derilection as a bribe, according to the present Treaty, or follow it as a gratification, according to the Treaty of Utrecht. But the author is not satisfied with the negative force of his own argument in order fully to exculpate the national credulity; and imitating the example he explodes, he tells these dupes of a wretched imposition, to beware that this Treaty likewise is not the snare "of an artful Court," to draw on the sacrifice of "higher and nobler considerations."

From the discussion of commercial illusions, he recurs to the scenes of glory, and he ushers upon the stage his Majesty of Prussia. Of him we are told "that he funk under the common lot of mortality,
from

from which all his talents could not exempt him." That " his abilities were so great, they could only be *eclipsed* and extinguished by the *separation of his mind from his body*." That *future times*, looking thro' the *medium of years*, will hardly be compelled to a reluctant belief that he *exerted a display* of abilities to *extricate* himself from a *combination* that *surrounded* him. (I record this sentence for the sake of the language.) That by " uniting *unparalleled* corporal activity to *equal* energy of ability," he " extended his protection and his punishment to every class of his subjects." But what is truly wonderful, and what the author sets in the front of this monarch's character, is, that he was once " superior and alone;" the last term excluding all possibility of comparison, and the first necessarily implying it. A simile always adds force and elegance, superior and

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alone, like Cæsar,—or to be in two places at once, *like a bird*.

To dwell upon the particulars of such a farrago of nonsense and absurdity, looks like an insult upon the public understanding. I am not conscious of having misrepresented or mistated a single syllable. I have only selected some eminent beauties, and approximated a few passages where too much diffusion concealed their distinctive hue, even from the eyes of the author himself. All these subjects are treated in such a manner as to shew, that they are the inert inoperative parts of the work, meant only to serve as a vehicle for the subtler essence of sedition. Those real objects I am now going to consider, require a stricter disquisition ; for the violence of malignity will sometimes gain ground upon dulness, and molest its placid reign.

Tu potes unanimes armare in prælia fratres,
Atque odiis versare domos,

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The author in pursuing the scheme I am about to develope, would be thought to place his glory in impartiality. If, indeed, to fully in one place the character he affects to brighten in another, and to insult, with false adulation, the very objects of his calumny, leaving every subject of public discussion exactly where he found it, if this be impartiality, I can only say the Reviewer would have been yet more impartiality if he had not written at all. But what is more common than to allow a virtue which cannot be disputed, in hopes of fixing a doubtful imputation. To make a parade of real indifference, where you have no real interest, that the latent purpose of your heart, may come impressed with all the weight of a disinterested judge, is an artifice that renders the venal pen odious in proportion to the sanctity of the character it dares to personate.

The monarch upon the throne is the primary object of this affected impartiality. How far the author adheres to his professions, is a future question. I will, for a moment, put a violence on my understanding, and suppose them to be sincere. To profess impartiality contains in itself an assumption of a right to canvas, to judge, to absolve, or to condemn. Who then is this exalted personage who thus publicly summons his sovereign to appear before his impartial tribunal? Who without the ingenuity to disguise has ventured on the violation of the most acknowledged and most revered maxim of government; that corner stone of the constitution; that principle which by consecrating the character of the monarch, secures a principle of stability in the monarchy itself—A day star on which we may fix our eyes in every concussion of fortune, and of public dissention. How can *he* be the object of complaint who is

the fountain of redress? If we are grieved, let the authors pay the penalty of our grievances. He is to afford relief to whom alone they can never be imputed. Posterity is the judge of sovereigns; our loyalty is too strong, and our affection too true, to allow the present age to be impartial. The very pretence is an insult.

But let us see how the author administers the jurisdiction he has assumed. Censure and praise are here likewise compounded in due proportions according to the recipe. The source of his Majesty's glory is rested upon that boyancy of character which has enabled him to survive that state of things, what the author denominates "the wreck of the empire." Now if "this extraordinary and improbable point of popularity," and that too, "after the unprecedented calamities and disgraces of his reign," appear to this author so very
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extraordinary, it must arise from this single proposition; That those calamities and disgraces are intirely imputable to the King. For when a Prince is overpowered by the adverse torrent of events, to which he has made a long opposition of prudent councils and heroic virtues, is it a matter of "astonishment" that such a Prince should retain the "personal attachment, respect, and adherence of his subjects?" and does not the true spirit of loyalty manifest itself most in the hour of undeserved calamity? It is demonstrable, therefore, that the author of the Review must have some party object in calling the Royal reputation into question by his affected astonishment. Or is it for the gratuitous pleasure of insulting his sovereign, that he revives with such malignant industry, and aggravates with such studied reduplication of epithet, every reverse of war, and every stroke of fortune?

tune? Or does he overstrain himself in blackening the present reign in idle pursuit of a paradox, for fear the loyalty of the people should seem to be without merit, unless it were without a cause? Or, are these only the blind staggerings of a bewildered imagination, beating backwards and forwards without object and without principle?

Whatever be the cause, we see the effect; we see the injury; let us turn our eyes to the retribution. To the calamities so injuriously attributed to the King, he opposes not the virtues of the royal breast, but the opinion of the people concerning those virtues expressed in the "eager effusion" of many dutiful and loyal addresses. But for fear the test he adduces should seem a criterion of the true national sense, and as it were, to demonstrate that his mind does not extend to
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the context of two contiguous sentences, he takes care to inform us, that stronger testimonies than these have been the lot of lawless usurpers, and still more lawless tyrants.

The author lays no less than four grounds to explain the King's popularity, one fundamental, the others auxiliary. And then under pretence that it is such a problem as to require a solution, he steps forward with an apparent zeal, in hopes, I suppose, of betraying it into ridicule, by the incompetence and fallacy of his allegations.

It is worthy of observation, that the imputations of the real traducer are all connected with the character of king, while his insidious panegyrist rests upon qualities either merely personal, or wholly extrinsic. To say of king, not that he is
a good

a good king, but that he is a good father, is to insult, and not to defend him. Such qualities however he chuses to call the “ primary and fundamental basis” of the king’s popularity : On which expression, I shall just observe, for their sake (if any such there are) who admire this author’s stile. Basis and foundation are two words with one sense :—The author, to make sure sure, has taken them both. With equal propriety and elegance he might have said fundamental foundation ; but as to its being a *primary* foundation, as I never heard of a *secondary* one, I own I am at a loss for his meaning.

In his zeal to account for what he calls improbability, and to explain the phenomena of his own distempered imagination, he is anxious to inform us for what recondite reason George the Third has not long ago shared the fate of Charles I. ? He

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makes a very stout conjecture.—It is because the prince is “protected and sheltered by the father and the husband.” Now it happens a little unluckily that Charles I. was both a father and husband. The author is obliged again to question his own prolific mind. Well, one effort more : It is because these are “very happy times, and this a very mild age.” First, to the gross aspersions on his Majesty’s government and public conduct is set in opposition the charm of his domestic virtues, and those domestic virtues are said to be manifested and testified in the approbation of his people. Then those testimonies are represented at best as an equivocal criterion. And proceeding a step farther, those amiable domestic qualities themselves are so far from the objects of our love, that they are hardly the motives of our forbearance. And he dares to assert, in the face of a loyal country, that the “happiness of the
age,”

age," and the "mildness of the times" alone, have averted the most outrageous excesses of rebellion, and even of regicide itself.

Having disposed of his fundamental basis, he proceeds to his auxiliaries, and then to "the inferior and accessory supports;" (for the correct fertility of this writer's imagination puts his *inferior supports* under his *fundamental basis*.) He thinks it necessary to enumerate "the *concomitance of circumstances* which he *delineates*." Those "numerous auxiliaries" and various "combinations of circumstances" which have conspired to raise George the Third to such an "extraordinary and improbable point of popularity," which he has the insolence to affirm does sometimes excite "the admiration," and sometimes "the astonishment of mankind." First as to the auxiliary support;

Still apprehensive that any motive favourable to so good a king, should yet seem to lurk in the breast, and actuate the conduct of the people, they are gravely told, it was not that they *loved* the king, but that they *hated* Lord North and Mr. Fox. Thus it, seems we serve our king as the fanatics were said to worship God, *out of pure spite and malignity of heart.*

But suppose a national abhorrence of these two persons to exist, which is by no means true ; suppose it also to be just,—suppose that, as the author says, every appearance of public virtue were offered up as victims at the birth of that political monster, the coalition,—why if his virtues and our allegiance had not entitled him to it, are we therefore to admire our Sovereign ?—Why is the sacrifice of every virtue to rekindle our expiring embers of loyalty, unless upon this principle, that the

greater evil is to reconcile to the less, and that not finding virtue in a subject, we were convinced, *a fertiori*, that we were wrong to expect it in a king. Not satisfied with traducing all kings in the name of his present Majesty, he establishes a principle injurious to Majesty in the abstract. We can only infer his opinions from his arguments.

The auxiliary supports being thus disposed of, he turns to his "adventitious events." The escape from the knife of an assassin with which (O most unusual effect!) "infanity armed a maniac," has "added new solidity to the throne," (by which we are to understand that it was before in a tottering condition) and has diffused round it "an unexampled popularity."

But

But it seems the author has not yet fatigued his thirst of philosophical researches. Having first relied upon the malignity of the people, and then on the personal misfortunes of his sovereign, he appears much pleased with the discovery of two such happy and natural sources of public favor.

The force of nature cou'd no farther go,
To make a third he join'd the other two.

And we are told that “ the joy naturally arising in every loyal breast, from the danger with which their sovereign had been menaced, was “ *augmented in its effect by the obvious and UNAVOIDABLE reflection on the character of the Prince, who must have succeeded to the vacant Throne.*”

Any man who has a son, or who being denied that blessing, has gathered from the general sense of man the nature of paternal ties,

ties, must know that as a child is the most powerful motive of action, so he is the source of the sweetest enjoyments and bitterest sorrow the heart can feel. And when the fond solicitude that held the hand of infancy has discharged its functions, the bands of nature still exists in a strict society, an unalterable union of character and reputation. The actions of the child revert upon the father, and he is to him the genuine object of glory and of shame. But since our very being derives its principal dignity and interest from the love we excite or the happiness we confer, what man, what king would wish to live, who believed his life indifferent to his people? And, since the assurance that our pursuits and desires will survive in our descendants, is the fairest hope that lights the path of life, what father who believes his son the object of detestation to all who held him dear, would not call upon

on the earth to swallow him, and wish at once to rend asunder the bands of hateful existence ?

Suppose any man thus to address his sovereign : Many circumstances might induce you to imagine yourself the idol of your people. But, Sir, you are mistaken. I will explain to you your true situation. They do not love you, but they abhor your son. As for you, with composure, they would have seen you die. They would have seen you die by the worst of all the sad varieties that close this mortal tragedy ;—not falling in the battles of your country ;—not passing by the mild preparations of decay, or the full maturity of years ; but cut off in the flower of your age—in the noontide hour of security and confidence, massacred in the bosom of your people, at the very gates of your palace. A fate at which humanity shudders;

ders ; in which every resentment is forgotten, and every transient difference fades away before the generous sympathies of our common nature. No, Sir, it was the consideration of the “ Prince who must have succeeded to the vacant throne,” which “ augmented the general joy,” and dictated the equivocal demonstrations of “ adulatory addresses”—*that* “ obliterated at once the faded glories of the English name”—*that* made us “ anticipate with terror an event to which we are *usually* too prone to look with warm and pleasing expectation.” “ The abyss of ruin, into which a long train of unfortunate councils has plunged the empire,” is absorbed in the recollection, that in addition to all these evils you have entailed upon us the son of your loins, a man “ who, though placed in so favoured an eminence, and environed with the splendour of youth and royal dignity,” “ where all his actions and

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his very excesses are beheld through so deceptive a medium," "decorated with the graces of personal elegance," and "*illuminated by the errors of his father*;" yet "has he made such a deviation from every thing that can excite attachment and lay claim to esteem," that, "even before he has yet fully attained to manhood," he has "contrived to shake affection, and diminish respect in a people ever prone to pity and pardon his errors," to such a degree, that he can "now only fly to ridicule and contempt, to avoid general indignation and abhorrence."

Such is the offering with which the author of the Review has thought fit to bring up the rear of addressees. This I am sure is no equivocal, no adulatory address. And now I call upon the reader to summon all his powers of imagination,
and

and to tell if it is possible for vindictive malice to vent, or contumacious rebellion to vomit upon a King, contumely more galling, or indignities more outrageous? or what powers of eloquence could call together words and thoughts more fit to lacerate the heart of man? Can it assemble circumstances of aggravation and horror more exactly calculated to drive sorrow into desperation? There is, however, something yet behind—a secret reserve in the resources of cruelty, and the refinements of insult. And that is, hypocritically to pretend to pay your court in assuming, and to seem by your manner to take it for granted, that the opprobrium of a *Prince and a son* might afford to a *father and a King* a secret consolation for the hatred of his people. The supposition is too atrocious; it is too complicated to admit of elucidation, or to require enforcement.

But let us take into the account, that the ill will attributed to the Prince, upon which that scandalous imputation is grounded, is likewise most notoriously false. It becomes a King that the wretch who had aimed a poignard at his breast, whether madness actuated to guilt, or guilt to madness, should be consigned in peace to the asylum of either. But if I had the honour to serve that King—if the interest he excites in every loyal breast was augmented by the ties of his immediate service and the daily intercourse with his virtues, what would be my sensation, if I heard him accused of such a monstrous inversion of every human feeling !

The people, however, see with abhorrence a flagitious design undertaken, which exceeds the boldness of former times—To rob the people of all confidence
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in their present, or hope in their future King—to rob the King of the hearts of his people—to rob him of the natural reliance on the truest, because the nearest support of the throne : and all this, perhaps, in hopes that delinquency may be forgotten in the confusion arising from such a disposition, and the despondency of such a prospect.

The author conducts his design in a very singular manner. He would seem to exhort the Prince by urging, “ It is easy for you to become the idol of an admiring people, because you are illuminated with the errors of your father, but not implicated in his disgraces, nor involved in the errors of his government.” And he encourages the King to proceed, by suggesting that his virtues are endeared by the idea “ of a successor who can only
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fly from ridicule and contempt, to avoid repentment and indignation." One would imagine we heard some creature, who found a base interest or an infernal delight in working up accidental jealousies and little domestick heats into an utter dissolution of the tenderest and strongest bands of nature; that he had prepared two different tales to infuse alternately into the objects of his malevolence: but that the habit of his daily occupation had made him forget, when he came to put his discourses into writing, that their contradictory and confronted falsehoods would stare each other in the face, and stand mutually detected and exposed.

It is certainly pretty generally believed, that there does subsist a coolness where every good subject would wish to behold the warmest cordiality, and labour to bring it about. But I believe that,
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not amidst all the conjectures that teem in this curious metropolis, that not in all the crude ideas that float and vanish in the ephemera of the press, or in all the fruitful inventions of malice or prejudice, was it ever asserted or insinuated that that misfortune arose, however (in the words of the author) "he might retain his private opinions on matters of policy," "from the least departure from filial piety and obedience," or the want of a decent reverence towards a father and a King.

That imputation was reserved for the author of the Short Review. We cannot distinguish between the hypothetical and the positive ; mean insinuation, and audacious assertion. The publick sees the meaning, and abhors it. So much for the *suggestio falsi*. We will examine the second engine of falshood and detraction,

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the *suppressio veri*. Can it be believed that *any man* having occasion to allude to the name of that august personage, or chusing to discuss his publick conduct, at the time he inveighs against the turpitude of “pursuing Princes into the walks of private retirement,” should omit that single act, which perhaps in his whole life can be called publick. If common impartiality did not require it, even where no impartiality was professed, the natural association of ideas might have led to that tribute of applause, which an honest heart could never have restrained. There could be but one motive for suppressing what it is impossible not to recollect—and recollecting, not to cherish. But it is the glory of that act, that those who are resolved not to applaud, are compelled to be silent. It will long dwell in the memory of a people whose predictions will one day be verified in those accomplished virtues, of

which they already possess so sure a prognostick.

How few are endued with sufficient decision of mind to come to a clear determination on their affairs, and conform themselves manfully to their true situation! It is so, from the statesman in his cabinet, to the merchant at his desk. We see men struggling on from day to day; living, as it were, upon expedients; supported by a sort of vicissitude in embarrassments; often relieving the less by the greater; as one in the restlessness of a sick-bed shifts from side to side, hoping for relief in every change, and equally in vain. And why is all this fruitless and painful exertion? Because it requires no common energy and vigour to disengage the mind from the tenacity of habit—to ease ourselves out of that miserable groove

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where every advance only increases the error of an ill directed force.

The circumstances of a Prince at his entrance into the world are somewhat peculiar. His first experience in the use of money, is the possession of an income, which, before the application, appears to be infinite ; and as he passes immediately into this situation—from one where every call of regular establishment, or of casual expenditure, proceeds from another hand, he is furnished with no common measure between his occasions and his resources. Let us add, that he cannot be aware how much the fund of enjoyment is drained, to feed the incumbrances of state. A great household establishment, requisite to a Prince, and a vast train of officers and attendants, swell every other charge, and are themselves a great one. But that is
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not the whole; in the house of a Prince, every function has its peculiar officer; whereas, in the economy of a private family, a thousand little details occur, which are so many suggestions to husbandry, and serve to bring home the consideration of expence. But these never approach a prince.

All these things considered, if an almost inevitable disorder should arise, let us observe what impediments, even in common cases, lie in the way of a prudent and decisive reform. It is hardly necessary to mention the seduction of accustomed enjoyments, which have grown into a kind of necessity, and the very occupations of expence, which, when they are cut off, leave an aking and irksome void: add to these, the terror of seeing the worst, and exploring the frightful recesses of embarrassed circumstances, where the mind, distracted

with scenes of perplexity and mortification, plunges for relief into the very causes of its ruin—a weakness irrational certainly, but congenial to our nature.

In the first difficulties of a private gentleman, too irresolute to cut the thread at once, there is not wanting the officiousness of those whose interested generosity makes the ebbing sources of expence seem to return with a fallacious abundance. But here ambition lends its aid to avarice ; so that there a double motive—a fresh inducement to adventure, where the fund for repayment, however contingent, is commensurate with the wealth of the nation, and the royal faith. Would there no purse be opened—no hand stretched out to a necessitous Prince----no offer of unlimited credit? Can it be doubted, when the vanity of so many is flattered by his acceptance; when
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they feel even his gratitude as an obligation, and think themselves repaid by his society? can it be doubted, when the dreams of avarice are doubly gilded by the illusions of title and preferment? Have we not the example of the very last reign?

Hence therefore it is, that a sacrifice so very uncommon, which became expedient with so little misconduct, has the additional distinction of being almost more than voluntary. He did not yield to the necessity of embarrassed circumstances, easily palliated or easily endured; but He yielded to the stronger necessity to such a mind---his own sense of dignity, of propriety, of justice and of order. If therefore excess is excuseable amidst so many allurements, in a condition where every avenue of pleasure is spread wide open, and every art puts forth its powers to
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solicit with novelty and refinement ; it is far more extraordinary to desist, than never have tasted. If it is natural for a Prince in station, to be one in disposition ; to desire to be a Prince in his hospitality, in his magnificence, in his equipage, in his amusements, what can be a juster subject of admiration, than that he who knows how to enjoy all these things, should know likewise how to want them. And that after having been accustomed so long to feel his rank, in all the appendages and trappings of greatness, he should have the resolution to trust for all his consequence, to his own inherent dignity, and for all his enjoyments to his own internal resources. But he has well reposed his confidence. Early has he learnt, and late may he remember, that the anticipations of the heart in acting well, are never disavowed, and that self-denial is the source of true enjoyment---a lesson equally beneficial to the great

great and to the humble. The nation, on the other hand, that nation so falsely traduced with disrespect to his name, will renumerate that sacrifice with large arrears of veneration and applause. By so descending into the rank of a subject, he has gone beyond the sphere of Princes.

The malignant silence of the Reviewer, has extorted this honest tribute of truth and justice---it is almost involuntary. I feel that I echo the public voice, and that I only echo it ; a motive which could not stop the hand of a libellous assassin, might restrain the warmest effusion of true affection. There are cases in which a public panegyric, however just, may be indiscreet. It might betray the unwary, or lead the ill-disposed into an unjustifiable licence. I look upon it a matter of bad example and dangerous consequence, that the immediate Heir of the Throne should

hear his name bandied about as a topic of debate, and subjected to all the caprices of popular discussion.

The language of real liberty is indeed almost confounded in the licence of the present times. The sovereign himself, however, is so intimately connected with every act of government, that the freedom and rapidity of public discussion cannot always attend to due discriminations. Yet we are never to forget, that the spirit of the constitution has wisely consecrated the permanent fountain of power, and restricts the jurisdiction of opinion to its derivative and responsible instruments. But with regard to a Prince there can be no excuse. He has a direct concern in no part of government. He is the author of no measure ; he is responsible for no event ; nothing can bring his name into question, but the licence of loose unbridled tongues,

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or the rash vanity of occupying a moment's attention by the astonishment with which we behold a hardy familiarity, under pretence of "a speculative freedom" play with topics, which discretion avoids, or touches with timidity and awe ; For

"For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

A truly "reflecting and speculative" mind, might perhaps pause to consider, if it is good for subjects to learn to disrespect their King before he comes to the Throne ; or if that disposition will induce them to serve him with more fidelity, or to view with a spirit of truer patriotism, the great objects of public service which are carried on in his name. A reflecting mind would not brave the received opinions of mankind, nor tread down the bounds of established decorum. He would rather modestly investigate the latent philosophical principles which gave them
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birth. It might then perhaps occur, that is by no means desirable, that a person on the correctness and just balance of whose mind the welfare of a nation depends, should be too much, or too early accustomed to look out of his own mind for the impressions and rewards of his actions. If that should happen, one of these two inconveniencies would arise. Either instead of regulating his conduct on any sober judicious principle, he will substitute for solid virtues the false meretricious arts of a candidate for fame. The treasure, if obtained, is not invaluable, and there is a danger, that as he has not obtained, so he will not use it honestly. On the other hand, not less is to be apprehended from the disappointment of inexperienced virtue, which has trusted itself too boldly on the faith of human justice. He is not aware how often public opinion is formed on a slight and su-

perfidious view ; how much it is debauched by intrigue, or subdued by bold pretence. He passes therefore from one extreme to another, and what was bowed to before with a confidential reverence, appearing no longer infallible, becomes at once an object of ridicule and contempt. Nor is this the worst. A mind soured and disgusted by the frustration of honest hopes, may question the reality of that virtue which he tried by so fallacious a standard. Before he is called upon to serve, he may have contracted an indifference, perhaps an incurable aversion to the people whom he finds it impossible to please.

These are principles which if unjust or too refined, are certainly respectful. At least they do not contradict the received ideas of propriety and decency.

But

But the author of the Review is actuated by a different genius. He seems to tell the Prince, you are not yet a King ! I owe you no subscription ! I will revenge myself upon you in time for the forced respect and constrained obedience which I may one day be obliged to render you. If I live to see it, servility and adulation may pay off the long scores of contumely and malevolence. In the mean time the author is resolved to take out his full allowance to exhaust the rancour of obscurity and vice against virtue, station, birth,—every thing that is lovely, and every thing that is respected.

